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H. H. WORTHINGTON, Editor.

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FRANKLIN AND THE BARBER.

On Doctor Franklin's arrival at Paris, as Plenipotentiary from the United States, during the Revolution, the king expressed a wish to see him immediately. As there was no going to the Court of France in those days, without permission of the wigmaker, a wigmaker of course was sent for.

In an instant a richly dressed Monsieur, his arms folded in a prodigious muff of furs, and a long sword by his side, made his appearance. It was the king's wigmaker, with his servant in a livery, a long sword by his side too, and a load of sweet-scented hand-boxes, full of "de wig," as he said, "de superb wig for the great Doctor Franklin."

One of the wigs was tried on—a world too small! Hand-box after hand-box was tried; but all with the same ill-success.

The wigmaker fell into the most violent rage, to the extreme mortification of Doctor Franklin, that a gentleman so bedecked with silks and perfumes, should, notwithstanding, be such a child.

Presently, however, as in all the transports of a grand discovery, the wigmaker cried out that he knew where the fault lay—"not in the wig as too small; O no! his wig not too small; but de doctor's head too big; great deal too big."

Franklin, smiling, replied that the fault could hardly lie there; for that his head was made by God Almighty himself, who was not subject to error.

Upon this the wigmaker took a little; but still contended that there must be something the matter with Doctor Franklin's head. It was at any rate, he said out of de fashion. He begged Dr. Franklin would only please to remember, that his head had not de honor to be made in France. Not for if it been made in France, it no bin more dan half such a head. None of de French noblesse had a head any ting like his. Not de great Duke D'Oleons, nor de grand monarch himself had half such a head as Doctor Franklin. And he did not see, he said, what business any body had with a head more big dan de head of de grand monarch.

Pleased to see the poor wigmaker recover his good humor, Dr. Franklin could not find it in his heart to put a check to his childish rant, but related one of his fine anecdotes, which struck the wigmaker with such an idea of his wit, that as he retired, which he did, bowing most proudly, he shrugged his shoulders, and with a look most significantly arch, said:

"Ah, Doctor Franklin! Doctor Franklin! I wonder you head too big for my wig. I 'fraid you head be too big for all de French nation."

"CAN YOU REACH THEM PANTALOES?"—Several gentlemen of the Massachusetts Legislature, dining at the Boston Hotel, one of them asked Mr. M., a gentleman who sat opposite:

"Can you reach them, pantaloons, sir?"

Mr. M. extended his arm towards the dish, and satisfied himself that he could reach the "pantaloons," and answered:

"Yes, sir."

The legislator was taken aback with the unexpected rebuff from the wag; but presently recovering himself, he asked:

"Will you stick my fork into one 'em, then?"

Mr. M. took the fork, and very coolly plunged it into a very finely cooked potato, and left it there! The company roared as they took the joke, and the victim looked more foolish than before; but suddenly an idea struck him, and, rising to his feet, he exclaimed, with an air of conscious triumph:

"Now, Mr. M. I will trouble you for the fork."

Mr. M. rose to his feet, and with the most impetuous gravity, pulled the fork out of the potato, and returned it, amidst an unquenchable thunderstorm of laughter, to the utter discomfiture of the gentlemen from B.

A GUN FOR DUELLING.—In Scotland lately two hot-brained youths met in a tavern; and, after much debate concerning a young lady with whom they were both enamored, nothing would satisfy them but a duel. At parting, one of them told the other to prepare for death. A wag hearing of the awful threat, and knowing that none of the champions had any courage to spare, went as he was before the appointed time to the place selected, and dug a grave; and sticking his "round mould spade" into the red mould retired behind a bush to behold the scene. The awful scene arrived, and one of the bullies made a fierce appearance; but, on beholding the open grave and the spade ready to cover his corpse, he scratched his head, and muttering something about being killed, turned round and in a twinkling was out of sight. Shortly thereafter, the other duellist (?) hove in sight, but seeing the yawning gulf, his crest fell, and soliloquizing to himself, was heard to say, "Did he not tell me to prepare for death? and, lo! this grave is ready for me! I'll awa!" The wag then shouldered his shovel and left the scene, which has been visited by many of the curious, determined on seeing the grave of "Johnny Cope."

The man who out ran a rumor, has been pitted against the man who lived down a slanderer. In our opinion it will be a draw game.

POETRY.

THE SHOCK OF AN EARTHQUAKE WAS recently felt in Washington, whereupon a wag of a poet perpetrated the following lines of doggeral. They are amusing and no doubt will make our readers laugh. We have been shaking our sides over it for several minutes. Milton's beautiful invocation in his L'Allegro was present to our mind, while we were reading the effusion and we could not help repeating it over mentally:

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cracks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleep;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN CONGRESS.

A Senator sat in his cushioned chair,
His head on his back and his feet in the air,
The true Senatorial attitude;
Grave and serene was his honored mien,
No sleeker Senator was ever seen.

He thought of his good eight dollars a day,
Of his six good years he had there to stay,
Of his mileage and countless "perquisites,"
His pickings and other Congressional sweets,
His last great speech and his next great dinner,
And he thought to himself, "As I am senior,
This Washington City's a snug old town,
And a mighty great man is Senator Brown!"

The hour was one, and all was still,
When suddenly shook the Capitol Hill!
Senators shook with fear as with cold,
The earthquake shattered the nerves of the bold
And upset the wits of the weak;
Some called out "order!" and "silence!" some,
While others were struck by agency dumb,
And sat, content to remain quite mum,
But imploringly eying the Speaker.

Down on his knees dropped Senator B.,
Disturbed in his dream of felicity,
He thought that his final hour had come;
That the earthquake's roll was the roll of the drum.

To summon sinners, to strike them dumb,
And with terror dread appal them,
For he hath a very distinct idea,
Whether a drum a trumpet should be
The instruments to call them.

While looking a horror of fears,
And expecting the walls about his ears,
Before his mind, like a flash, appears
A vision of all his mispent years—
A vision dim of phantoms grim
Who had pressed their claims with prospects slim
Of getting redress—in the interim,

They died worn out with patience;
And now before his mind they swim,
Some shaking their private claims at him,
And some French Spoliations!
Each with a grin the Senator mocks,
Each ruminates Congressional claims,
And he thought, if I once get out of this box,
I'll go in for their speedy payment!

But little he thought, poor Senator B.,
That he should ever be permitted to see
The bright to-morrow's sun come,
And he trembled to think, so was he unarm'd,
Of his one little speech for the good of the land,
And his ninety-nine for Bonaparte!

He trembled as no one ever can tell,
As he tried to think if he had spent well
His loved eight dollars a day;
And he thought, with dread unspeakable,
Of the little he'd done for his people,
And the vast amount for pay!

Mixed with his fears was a shade of regret,
For he could not altogether forget
His greatness in the nation;
But he somehow thought that there might be
Even the world to which he was bound.

The honor and pay of his station;
Still might he get his eight dollar fee,
And still be honorable Mr. B.,
And mileage too—now, who could tell?
The journey was very long to—well!
But then the earth gave another shake,
And set poor B. in a terrible quake.

He sank in a swoon, but the earth grew still,
And the Senators gathered in right good will
And stretched him out on the pallet;
But by and by his senses got back,
And he woke to a speech of Senator Clark
And the noise of the Speaker's mallet.

He rubbed his eyes, and he rubbed his nose,
And an anxious glance around he throws,
On the floor and up at the ladies;
For he fancied he smelt both sulphur and smoke,
And wasn't quite sure that he hadn't awoken
To a morning session in Hades!

He rose to his feet an altered man,
Home to his lodgings he almost ran,
And to Mrs. Browne he wrote "his said,"
The lovingest letter she ever had read.

WASHING BY THE BROOK.

Where the alders grow a grassy
Leaf embowered nook,
There I spied a cottage lassie,
Washing by the brook.

Bright the wavelets glanced beside her;
Brighter was the look
Which she gave to him who spied her
Washing by the brook.

Sweet the song of birds around her,
Songs from nature's book;
Sweeter here to him who found her
Washing by the brook.

Heaven bless her! Heaven watch her!
Pride may overlook,
But for grace may not match her;
Washing by the brook.

TO PARENTS.

He who checks a child with terror,
Stops its play and stills its song,
Not alone commits an error,
But a great and moral wrong.

Give it play and never fear it,
Active life is no defect;
Never, never break its spirit,
Care it only to direct.

Would you stop the flowing river,
Thinking it would cease to flow?
Ours is it must flow forever;
Better teach it where to go.

SECOND LETTER FROM GOV. BROWN.

Yesterday we published a letter from Gov. A. V. Brown to the Railroad Convention at New Orleans. To-day we have the pleasure of laying before our readers a second letter from him on the same subject—that of the Mobile and Ohio road. There can, we think, be no difference of opinion among our readers as to the strength of Gov. Brown's arguments and as little to the correctness of his conclusions:

NEAR NASHVILLE, April 30, 1852.

GENTLEMEN:—I received your invitation to attend a general railroad convention to be assembled at Florence, on the 1st Monday of May next.

Absolutely prohibited by my other engagements from being there, I can only assure you of my thorough and cordial sympathy in the objects of your meeting. These are expressed by you to be, "to consult and deliberate upon the magnificent railroad system of the South and West." Magnificent it is indeed! Magnificent in the great results, politically, commercially and socially, which it is destined to effect. Heretofore, we have been connected with the world only through the uncertain and partial navigation of our rivers; now we are about to open up communications, which mock at the slow progress of all former modes. But I do not hail the coming revolution so much for the increased facilities for gaining riches, as I do for the improvement which it will give in our moral and social relations. When the proposed railways shall have been completed, we shall have become a contented and settled people. Contented with our homes, with our farms, with our own respective regions of country. How is this now, and how has it been for years? All the while we have been dreaming of other countries—Arkansas, Texas, and California have been running in our heads, and we have hardly had the heart to build up institutions of learning, to erect churches, and to make other establishments essential to our intellectual and social condition. Under the probability that we should move off to some new country soon, we have put aside many applications for the above purposes. When, however, we have the facilities which all these railways promise, who in Alabama, Tennessee, or Northern Mississippi, would think of exchanging his own for any other country on the globe? Who especially of the valley of the Tennessee, would even dare to complain of his own heaven favored land?

You further speak of its being the object of your Convention, "more especially to take into consideration the construction of the entire railroad communication from Louisville and Cincinnati, by way of Nashville and New Orleans." I am sure it was by mere casualty, that your own beautiful city on the Gulf, your only seaport, was omitted. To connect the great commercial interests of the North and South, is of great importance, but that connection need not be with New Orleans alone. Mobile has her claims, also, and connection with her would likewise increase the happy influences to which you allude.

The purpose of "harmonizing the common sympathies of the respective sections of our great confederacy" will be best promoted by a connection with as many important terminals as possible. I seize on this double-edged unintentional omission, not for any idle purposes of criticism, but to keep alive in the public mind, the importance of not overlooking our connection with Mobile.

She has the second best harbor on the Gulf of Mexico, that of Pensacola only excelling it. She lies fronting out to the Island of Cuba; between her and Havana, half the commerce of the world is destined to pass. Steamships and sail vessels of every nation in the world, will be daily and almost hourly passing almost in sight of her, bearing the trade and commerce of the Asiatic continent to all civilized countries. Two railways will soon be complete, and probably a ship-channel across the isthmus, which will make the Gulf of Mexico emphatically the highway of all nations. To open a quick and safe communication with such a highway, ought to be an object never to be lost sight of. To have two communications with it, by a road to Mobile and New Orleans both, would not be more than the magnitude of the great interest involved in seriously demands. The citizens of North Alabama set out originally to open a communication with the Mississippi river. Before they could accomplish this, Mobile sends up her great road to the mouth of the Ohio, so as to give them the choice of three markets, that of Memphis, New Orleans and Mobile. In sending up that road, Mobile was not inconsiderable to the interest of North Alabama. She ordered a branch to be surveyed from the neighborhood of Jacinto to the Tennessee river between Hamburg and the State line, expressly to meet any road that might connect with it there from Nashville or Florence, or from both. The recent difficulty which has taken place in locating the Memphis and Charleston road through the State of Mississippi, presents a fine opportunity for Florence to participate fully in the benefits of not only that road, but with that of the Mobile by direct connections. The location of the Memphis and Charleston road altogether within the State of Tennessee, as far as to the Tennessee river, would give it the State and of \$4,000 per mile, and fully compensate for any loss of the Mississippi subscription, which might be sustained by such a location. The expense of crossing the river could be equally divided between that and the Mobile road. The point of crossing might be agreed on as near the State line ferry as practicable, so as to suit the convenience of both roads. From the point of crossing, the Memphis and Charleston road could be extended on to the town of Florence, thence to Tusculum, and thence precisely as the route heretofore selected. Such a location of the road would give to Tusculum and Florence, not only the full benefit of a connection with Memphis and Mobile, but with New Orleans, through any road that may hereafter be made from the latter city intersecting with the Mobile road at any point whatever. This would make the interest of Florence and Tusculum doubly secure. For if New Orleans, should hereafter make a road from Jackson, Mississippi, Aberdeen, direct to those places, which I sincerely hope she may do, still the making of the Memphis and Charleston road as here indicated could not fail to be eminently useful to both of them. It should be remembered

also, that the crossing of the Memphis and Charleston road near the State line ferry below all the obstructions of the navigation of the river, will open the river advantages, at all seasons of the year, to those places, advantages, not to be overlooked, or neglected. A railroad from them to the State line ferry, I consider of vast importance to them, and the present is the most auspicious moment which can ever occur to obtain one in the location of the Memphis and Charleston road. Every effort in the power of both places should, therefore, be made to secure it. It would settle at once a most unpleasant controversy between the two States and leave Holly Springs to make a separate connection with Memphis, or with any road South of her, at her own option. Remember, gentlemen; I do not ask or wish the convention to relinquish the idea of a New Orleans road by Aberdeen if one can be had, to Tusculum and Florence, and thence through Lawrence or Giles towards Nashville. I am only endeavoring to demonstrate that both Tusculum and Florence owe it to themselves and that it is their highest interest to locate the Memphis and Charleston road below all obstructions of the Tennessee River. I repeat the argument. It gives them 1st, the full benefit of the river at all seasons. 2nd, it gives the full benefit of a connection with Memphis and half the expense of crossing the river and \$4,000 per mile to the company for locating it in that manner. 3d It gives them the full benefit of a connection with Mobile, situated within their own borders on the Gulf of Mexico. There is something due to Mobile from North Alabama and Tennessee. She was the first Southern City of the Gulf which started in this noble work of connecting us with that seaboard. She was the first to reach out the hand of alliance and fellowship. She came four years ago on this friendly errand—profitable to her as well as to ourselves. We accepted her offer and she went to work earnestly and prosperously. The last letter of Capt. Childs, her accomplished engineer, contains the following information, under date of March 25th, 1852:

"The board of Directors have ordered the road way under contract from Citronell to the South line of Pontotoc county, as soon as practicable. I am now organizing the engineering force accordingly; and during the Spring and Summer hope to have the work all under way. We have 20 miles of track laid and the cars running for passengers 13 miles, which earns at the rate of 10 per cent per annum on the cost. I hope to leave here in the next month (May) for Tennessee and Kentucky. The plan of operations is as sketched out when you were here to wit: place the work under contract to Pontotoc county, fill up the subscriptions Northward to the Ohio River during the Spring and Summer, and get the whole under way before the 1st of January next."

Now what road is in equal forwarding with this? 13 miles finished, and making 10 per cent, on cost—20 miles with the iron laid down, and 200 miles, nearly all the stock taken, and now being actually put under contract? These facts I think clearly show that Mobile as she was the first to tender a connection with us, will also be the first to finish her road, and to open to us if we do not reject her proffered aid the benefits of a magnificent system of improvements as you have justly characterized them. By locating the Memphis and Charleston road as here indicated, Florence and Tusculum can have the advantages of this forwardness in the Mobile road, without lessening in the least degree, the chances of having the New Orleans road also by the way of Aberdeen. The city of Memphis, too, ought strongly to favor the location of this road as far as possible within the State. It will draw strongly toward her that trade and travel from the counties lying immediately East from her, as well as facilitate that connection between her and the richest portion of Middle Tennessee, which she ought on every account to desire. The controversy likely to arise in relation to the extension of the Louisville and Cincinnati roads from Nashville, Columbia, &c., and thence whether by the Florence or the Hamburg route, would lose much of its content since a importance. There is a large portion of Middle Tennessee, who would not care much for a slight departure from the more direct course to the Tennessee river, by the way of Florence, when the road was soon to return into the State, and proceed on, for they would regard with great disfavor the idea of its passing over to Tusculum, thence through Mississippi, not to return within the State until it reached La Grange.

I hope to be excused, if these views are too much elaborated, and close, with the assurance of my highest regards.

In haste,
Your old Servant,
AARON V. BROWN.

Messrs. JNO. J. CRAIG, E. H. FOSTER, JR., and others, Committee of Correspondence.

A PUZZLE.—Here is something worth studying over. We find it in an exchange. If any of our readers can solve it, and send the point, they are at perfect liberty to do so:

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FROM MEXICO.—We have received a file of Mexico papers up to the 17th April, inclusive. The most important item which we find in them, is the fact that the Tehuantepec treaty was rejected by the Chamber of Deputies on the 17th of April. The vote was unanimous, with the exception of one single member. The whole Mexican press rejoices over this event and approves the conduct of the government.

On the 8th, the day after the rejection of the treaty, Mr. Larrazabal left Mexico for Washington, where he intends to act as minister Plenipotentiary.

The excitement upon the tariff question has not yet subsided. The representatives for foreign countries in Mexico have addressed another letter of the Government, asking for the establishment of an equal tariff in all the ports of the Mexican Republic.

GENERAL SAM HOUSTON.

Will you be kind enough to insert the following letter, from the veteran Democrat, Thomas Ritchie, Esq. in your next paper? While it has been published in Democratic journals, in several other States, it has so far failed to secure a place in any Democratic paper in Virginia. The position which General Houston occupies before the country in connection with the Presidency, is such, as not only to justify, but demand its publication in the Democratic papers of the State of his nativity: O. P. Q.

THOMAS RITCHIE'S OPINION OF GEN. HOUSTON.

REMOVED, June 13, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR:—The state of Texas is indeed all romance. Houston has hitherto borne himself so nobly that he seems almost to have silenced his ancient enemies. This plot of superseding him by Gen. Hamilton, if it has ever been seriously entertained must now be abandoned. What I fear most, for Houston, is the trial to which he is now to be subjected. Will he enjoy his triumph with moderation?—It is one of my maxims, that it is harder to bear prosperity than adversity. More distinguished men have been ruined by great good fortune than by ill-fortune. When storming an adverse current, the swimmer bends every sinew and never relaxes for a moment; but when gliding down the stream, he becomes careless and strikes against the fatal rock. Adversity tries the man. It calls forth the stern virtues in those who have them—greater efforts and more untiring industry, a sagacious prudence and more moderation of character. Whereas any considerable improvement of your concerns makes you too commonly arrogant, opinionated, idle and supine. To go no further than the present case, what ruined Santa Anna? An unbounded security arising from his previous success. He had destroyed Travis, defeated Fannin, and thought he might with the same ease overcome Houston. Now is the time to warn Houston of the excess of his feelings, to suppress his pride, to avoid arrogance, to subdue the spirit of domination, to conquer his own passion as he has conquered his enemies; above all, to advise him against the besetting sin of aspiring to the capital of the Montezumas, instead of being contented with the wise scheme of affiliating his fine, adopted country with the free, solid, and well-balanced republic of the United States. If I had the honor of a personal acquaintance with Houston, I would write him as I have written you, because I have always taken an interest in him, and now I regard him with a species of enthusiasm. But I really wish that you would write him, to animate his efforts in the cause to which he is devoted, and advise him to be upon his guard against himself. I should hate to see his brilliant reputation overthrown by some hasty freak or violent allusion. Let him but preserve it with the same care with which he has obtained it, and we may well call him the Hero of San Jacinto.

You think my maxim, perhaps, an absurdity. But paradoxical as it sounds, there is nevertheless great truth in it. It is true of your country, of ourselves individually, of parties, and of the rapid accumulation of riches. There is some comfort at least, in my philosophy, to one who, like myself, is on the shady side of fortune. But I occupy too much of your time.

I am, dear sir, truly yours,
THOMAS RITCHIE.

To Major W. B. Lewis, Washington City.

CALIFORNIA NEWS.

We clip the following from the news by the Northern Light, which is to April 1st.

THE MINES.—From the mines also, the accounts are very meagre, in consequence of the temporary suspension of communication with the interior, occasioned by the freshet. As far as heard from, the miners are doing well, a plentiful supply of water in all sections enabling them to work to greater advantage than during the preceding eighteen months.

The Sonoma Herald states that the United States Company found a lump weighing 4 lbs. 4 oz. in the gulch, back of the United States Hotel in Sonoma City. It is from the vein worked by Fowler, Van Praug & Co.—the same vein which has furnished the rich deposits in Holden's Garden. This lump was found in the red earth, only two or three feet from the surface. Being weighed in a hydrostatic balance, it proves to be worth \$555 25.

It is said that Mr. Sparks, mining at Morrie's ravine, on the Feather River, has found a virgin lump of gold weighing 12 lbs.

One claim, of sixteen feet square, at Soldier's Gulch, has yielded, it is said, \$30,000. It is estimated that there have been extracted from the gulch an aggregate of two millions of dollars.

Several quartz mills are in progress of erection all over the State. Active preparations are being made to work quartz at Brown's Valley the coming season.

W. C. Fernell, of San Diego, and Col. Russell, Collector of Monterey, are announced as candidates for the United States Judgeship for the Southern District.

The Delegates of the National Convention were to leave San Francisco on the 5th inst.—They are:

DELEGATES.—Joshua Holden, of Sonoma; Judge Henry, A. Lyons, of San Francisco; J. M. Covarrubias, of Santa Barbara; Wm. H. Richardson, of Yuba.

ALTERNATE DELEGATES.—E. D. Hammond, of Butte County; Adm. T. Baird, of Nevada; M. Wambough, of Yuba; Charles Loring, of Solano.

WASHINGTON, May 11.—The extra appropriations for the Collins line of steamers will undoubtedly be made.

The Mexican minister is daily expected. He is fully empowered to treat with the United States for the grant of right of way over the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

Strong efforts were made in the South Carolina Convention to censure Mr. Mangum, but without success.

Mr. Clay slept last night and is quite comfortable. Dr. Butler administered Sacrament to him yesterday. It is the opinion of his physicians that his decline will be gradual and that the moment of his dissolution will be scarcely perceptible.

ILLINOIS.

The Democratic State Convention of Illinois have nominated Joel A. Mattison for Governor, G. P. Korner for Lieutenant Governor, A. Starnes for Secretary of State, T. H. Campbell for Auditor and Jno Moore for Treasurer. The ticket is said to be a strong one, and will succeed most triumphantly. They passed resolutions unanimously recommending Stephen A. Douglas as a candidate for the Presidency, endorsing the compromise measure, approving the Baltimore platform and the State administration. The Springfield Register says:

The utmost harmony and good feeling attended the deliberations and decisions of the Convention, and the delegates parted with a full conviction that the democracy of Illinois are now one and inseparable, and invincible.

The country will rejoice at the stand taken by the Compromise. It received a full, unqualified and cordial endorsement. Let no man hereafter say that the democracy of Illinois are unsteady on this question. Abolitionism, and heresies, have received the stamp of reprobation, and henceforth they will be confined to the fictions that gave them birth. As a party, we stand upon the Baltimore platform, and have repudiated forever the narrow and liberal views which demagogues sought to foist upon our creed. Henceforth our standard will float in the breeze, pure and unsoiled, proclaiming a devoted attachment to the Union, and an abiding hostility to everything calculated to disturb its integrity. Upon this action of the convention, we congratulate the democracy of the State. It was due to ourselves, and to our brethren in other quarters of the Union, and we may now point to the record which removes all doubt, if any such existed, of the position of the Illinois democracy upon this question.

A SCENE AT THE GALLIES.—The following horrible scene occurred at Northampton, Eng. recently:

A woman, named Elizabeth Pichard, aged 72 years, was convicted, in November, of having poisoned her sister-in-law, a woman ten years older than herself, and was sentenced to be hung. The evening before her execution, while she was receiving the visit of a clergyman, she fainted. All efforts to restore her to consciousness were unavailing, she remained insensible, and the next morning, as the hour of execution approached, the sheriff, thinking her dead, called in a physician to decide as to her condition.—She was pronounced still living, and the execution was ordered to go forward. The senseless body was placed upon a cart and borne to the appointed place, where a crowd of eager spectators were assembled; two hangman's assistants lifted her upon the platform; a third put the rope round her neck; the drop fell; the majesty of the law was vindicated; the unhappy woman, whose years had already brought her to the verge of the grave, was killed without knowing it; the final punishment was no punishment to her.

It would be difficult to imagine a spectacle more revolting than such an execution.

THE POCKET BOOK.

SCENE FIRST.—A young Gent discovered surrounded by his friends, who are jesting with him, regarding by his attention to a certain young lady.

Young Gent.—"Boys, I'll just tell you how it is. You see I care nothing for the girl—it's the old man's pocket-book that I'm after."

Chorus of Friends.—"Ha! ha! ha!"

SCENE SECOND.—A parlor. Time 11 o'clock. P. M. Young lady seated. Young Gent rising to depart. Hesitates as if bashful, and then slowly remarks:

Miss Matilda, excuse me, but you must be aware that my frequent visit—my attentions—cannot have been without an object—"

Young Lady.—"Ah, yes so I've heard, and shall only be too happy to grant what you desire. (Takes from the table a paper parcel, and unfolds it displaying a large, old-fashioned, and empty morocco pocket book. This I have been informed is that object. Permit me to present it, and congratulate you that you will in future, have no further occasion to renew these visits and attentions."

Young Gent swoons.

The Wetumpka State Guard gives the following account of a difficulty in the Alabama Penitentiary:

DISTURBANCE IN THE PENITENTIARY.—On the 8th instant, a difficulty of rather a serious character, occurred in the Penitentiary. It seems a convict by the name of Wilson, sentenced from Mobile, became unruly, so much so that the Sergeant of the Guard was induced to punish him—when the Sergeant went into the blacksmith shop where Wilson was, Wilson gathered up a piece of iron and made at him; the overseer of the shop attempted to interfere for the arrest of Wilson, when another convict by the name of Hill raised a sledge-hammer, and knocked the overseer of the shop down, and was in the act of inflicting another blow, which, in all probability, would have killed him, when another convict by the name of Davis, from Madison county, gave Hill such a blow as to prostrate him. After Hill recovered from the blow from Davis, seeing, as he supposed that he had killed Mr. Carvans, the overseer of the shop, he gathered his razor, which was close by, and inflicted a terrible gash in his own throat, from which he afterwards died. Wilson was prevented from keeping up his attack upon the Sergeant by the interference on the part of several convicts. Several of the convicts showed a desire to keep up the fight, but were rebuffed by the part of others. Mr. Carvans has since been fully recovered from the blows received.

A good story is told of a rustic youth, a country girl, who sat facing each other, at a supper table of a husking party. The youth, smitten with the charms of the beautiful maid, only vented his passion in sly looks, and now and then touching Patty's toe with his foot under the table. At that time, there being no Bloomers, the girl, either fearful of her stockings, or determined to make the youth express what he appeared so warmly to feel, bore with his advances a little while in silence, when she cried out, "Look here if you love me, tell me so, but don't dirty my stockings!"